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A BUDDHIST'S DISCOURSE ON CHRISTMAS

Towards the close of the year there is a period in which the Western world rejoices. The air is vibrant with the thought of the coming festival. Shops display gifts of commemoration, good wishes are generously expressed, to one and all a "Happy Christmas" is accorded.

During this brief period of festivity in our Western world, a spirit of good will prevails; all ill-will and selfishness suddenly vanishes. The spirit that prompts this good will is the "Christ" spirit—the Chrēstos, the spirit that is good, excellent, gracious, kind.

Brief as its stay is, the Western world welcomes it. For a few days at least men's minds are turned towards an Ideal. While, perhaps, the Ideal means nothing permanent in their lives, yet their thoughts are, during that brief period, tinged with kindness and good will and are expressed in the exchange of presents made in the name ofthe Chrēstos.

As I reflect over the past—now almost two thousand years—it seems to me that it is the Ideal of Christ (Chrēstos) that has been the saving power in the West. To me, it is not Jesus as an assumed historical person that has redeemed man from barbarism, it is the Christ Ideal—the kindness and graciousness that this Ideal has expressed in the lives that have yielded themselves utterly to It.

Surely, to all clear-thinking people, it cannot be held that the "believe or be dammed" teaching of the Synoptic Gospels has redeemed the West. No, it is the mysticism of the Epistles—the first *Christian* documents—and the unhistorical Gospel according to John that have influenced the West. Jesus was certainly never a Christian even if he were an historical character! It is the teaching of Paul—or of the Epistles that go under his name, that has redeemed the West. In it we find the Christ Ideal to which, when one yields himself up in complete and utter consecration, exclaims under the realisation of It "It is not I but Christ that liveth

its apex, but like all the great material civilizations of the past, it is impermanent and doomed to fall and become but a memory in the minds of future generations.

Far behind our material evolution lies our spiritual one. The new age that materialism has ushered in has so dazzled us with its wonders that the spiritual, the true evolution lags behind. Yet the new age thru its wondrous science is giving a new concept, a clearer message for those who have eyes to see and an insight deep enough to perceive. Science points out very clearly that it is not in matter, in form that reality is to be found—for all must perish, and by this very fact science implies that Reality lies beyond, transcendent, but within the power of man's attainment.

"God" and man now present a different view, "God" *is* man and man *is* "God" when he enters into that which existed from limitless time. "Before Abraham was, I am." "Christ in you the hope of glory" finds a new interpretation today. "Buddha in you the source of all light and wisdom" likewise finds a new interpretation today. Verily indeed, It transforms all who realise It with a new power, a new light, a new life. It *is* Peace.

The "God," the Christ of the past were always apart from man. The Buddha has always been the keepnote and the Ideal of the Mahayana, but never apart from man. Now under the pressure of modern science the Ideals of Christianity and Mahayana Buddhism are drawing closer together, and when the followers of both religions *realise* their Ideal then indeed, there will not be any more talk of "my religion" and "your religion," for the Unity that Realisation brings will cement all hearts, minds and lives as one.

It is very fortunate for us all that the Buddha was greater than His followers; equally fortunate is the Christ Ideal in Its teaching of Unity thou those who call themselves Christians. So there is still an opportunity for us to enter into the *Greatness* of Buddha and Christ.

It is only our identification, our utter conservation to and faith in these Ideals that our atonement becomes a fact. The more we enter into them the more are we "in the world but not of the world" as both the Buddha and the Christ teach. Thus the new consciousness we expand in becomes the Buddha Consciousness, the Christ Consciousness, and which is nothing less than the Buddha in us, the Christ in us.

May at this season both Buddhists and Christians be reminded of its deep signficance. May it be that Christ shall be truly born again and permanently in men's lives. May it impart to all a new Conception, a new Life vibrant with the thought of Unity and Fellowship, sympathy and co-operation. With Christ born Immaculately within, may indeed the twice-born one proceed on the Path turning, not water into wine, but selfishness into selflessness, apartness into unity, criticism into sympathy. Then as Life expands, may the crucifixion of all separation be

consummated in a glorious resurrection, then indeed will Christ be living again, then indeed, will Christ be risen from the dead to life.

In this symbolism we discover ourselves. The idea is not new, but just a reminder, a check, lest we overlook. The new-born Christ gives us victory over tempation, brings us triumphant over sin and disease; brings us gloriously thru our crucifixion in order that we may be still more triumphant, still more glorious in the resurrection to newness of life. Thus the Buddha way becomes our way; the Christ way becomes our way until we enter into the fulness of Enlightenment.

Every step of these sublime ways, we are ever in their freedom and we triumph in their freedom.

SOGAKU SHAKU.

WESAK-TIDE

Hail glorious day, when o'er the world
The Light of Truth in splendor rose,
For mortals lost in error's night
The Way of Safety to disclose.

Lord Buddha, Thee our hearts acclaim,
Thou art the Sun of Righteousness,
In Thee was Truth in fulness shown
Man to enlighten and to bless.

Thy Doctrine is the radiant glow
Which evermore proceeds from Thee
And marks the Path that upward leads
To freedom and felicity.

O may mankind Thy light receive,
From self and error turn aside,
That all in peace and love may share
The joy divine of Wesak-Tide.

A. R. ZORN.

THE GLORY OF BUDDHISM

EVERY young Buddhist is heir to a great tradition. He or she has a rich heritage, and it is a sacred duty to preserve, enlarge and trasmit it for the benefit of future generations. At present, most Buddhists seem to be asleep. The Buddhists must shake off this lethargy, and do their duty to humanity.

Every Buddhist values and appreciates his religion, and he feels that there is much good in it. But he does not know all the greatness and glory of his church, as many Buddhist priests study only sectarian doctrines and metaphysical treatises. They neglect the history of Buddhism as a factor of civilization. Of course, Buddhism as a creed may be considered useful and valuable. It has given peace and solace to millions of souls. It has solved the dark riddle of life for millions of inquiring minds. It has taught mercy and temperance to many nations during many centuries. It has helped millions of men and women to live and die with hope and joy. Buddhism has thus been a very valuable creed for the individual. As personal religion, it has justified its existence by the services that it has rendered. It may, or may not, have conferred Nirvana on its votaries; but it has certainly helped all classes of people to face Death with courage and serenity. And that is the practical test of personal religion.

But we should not regard Buddhism merely from the personal point of view. In Asia, we look at all matters too often from the standpoint of the individual. We neglect the study of social forces and historical movements. But the individual is not a complete entity without society. The individual may attain salvation personally and in isolation (though I don't believe it), but he cannot live a life of culture and progress as a self-contained unit. Buddhism is great as personal religion; but it is greater as a culture-force, as a historical civilizing movement. In this respect, Buddhism ranks with Greek philosophy and Christian monasticism as a "culture-bearer," if I may be allowed to coin and new word.

Buddhism has not been only a religious movement. It has been a vehicle of general civilization, of art, science, literature. It has not been merely a church; it has been a great movement of civilization emanating from India and other countries. In its origin, Buddhism was the gift of the Indian republican society to the world, as Greek culture was the production of Athenian democracy and the Renaissance was the fruit of Florentine freedom. It is not possible to understand and appreciate Buddhism without paying attention to its historical antecedents. The spirit of freedom in Buddhism is the reflex of the ideal of freedom that inspired those Indian republics, whose citizens were converted by Buddha. Every religion bears the marks of its original home. Christianity inherited the fanaticism of the Jews and the aversion

to culture, that characterizes an uneducated populace. Islam has been dyed deep with the love of violence, that the semi-savage Arabs could not repress. Buddhism was not born among poor and ignorant labourers, or among the wild sons of the desert. It arose among the educated classes of the free republics of India. If Buddha had lived under a despotic monarchy, his church would have been quite different from the very beginning. We may therefore rejoice that Buddhism, like Socratism, is the product of culture and freedom, and its Sangha embodies the spirit of democracy and parliamentary government. Just compare the Buddhist monasteries with the Catholic system. The Buddhist Sangha of monks is governed democratically, but the Catholic monks must obey the Abbot. A Buddhist monk is free to leave the order; but a Catholic monk's vows are irrevocable. And so on. As the Catholic Church has continued and preserved the spirit and ideas of imperial Rome, so the Buddhist Sangha is the mirror of those small Indian republics, which saw the birth of Buddhism. When the disciples of Buddha quarrelled among themselves, he did not interfere like an autocratic master. He left them to settle the matter themselves, and advised them to meet in assembly. And I think that those monks would not have obeyed him, if he had haughtily commanded them to be reconciled to one another. In fact, they did not listen to Buddha's advice at first. Such was the spirit of those republican citizens. They could not understand passive obedience, even when Buddha spoke to them. This is the glory of Buddhism—that it has preserved in the Shangha a miniature model of the republican spirit of ancient India. Those republics perished; but their message has been kept for us in Buddhistic monasticism. So long as Buddhist monasteries keep up the rule of democracy and freedom, the ideal of liberty will not die out from the world. This is a very important service to human civilization.

Buddhism then started on its beneficent career of conquest through Dharma. It united the different races of India. It solved the colour-problem of ancient India. We know how difficult it is to unite white and black in one society. Just look at North America and South Africa today. Buddhism succeeded, where modern Christianity has failed lamentably and grievously. Buddhism inspired its early votaries with such enthusiasm for true social ideals, that "white" and "black" in ancient India coalesced, and "brown" was the result (which, by the way, is the colour of the present writer). As Christianity united the nations of the Mediterranean and created the Byzantine state, so Buddhism united the conquerors and the conquered in India in a Buddhistic society based on equality and brotherhood. There was no other way out of the difficulty. The unity of India was thus made possible. Today, that unity is represented by the Brahmanist Church, but it was originally accomplished by Buddhism. Brahmanism has inherited it (and many other things)

from Buddhism. The Indian nation, thus constituted, achieved great triumphs in art, science and literature, during many centuries. Buddhistic democracy was at the root of it all. Buddha preached against the caste system among the white Aryans, as he denounced race-hatred between the whites and the blacks. When all castes and races were united, and received equal treatment, science and art could be cultivated with success for a long time, as the brains of the lower castes and races could be utilized and developed. No one was excluded from the Buddhist universities of Nalanda and Takshashila on account of caste and race. The genius and talent of the whole nation could thus be harnessed in the service of civilization. High intelligence is such a rare gift of Nature, that it must be developed and utilized, wherever it may be found, regardless of caste or race. Buddhism taught the educated Indians not to despise the blacks and the poorer castes, and thus made it easy for the latter unfortunate groups to receive advanced education at the universities. How poor and paltry Indian culture would have been, if only one caste had monopolized education during the thousand years that followed Buddha's death! Thus Indian science and literature owe a great debt to Buddhism. We see how necessary it is to teach sound religions and social principles, for social ideas may also promote or retard the growth of science and art. Having united white and black, and raised the lower castes in the social scale Buddhism created the wonderful body of science, art and literature, which is known as the Indian culture of that epoch. Idealism is the life and soul of true culture. When men and women thirst for virtue and perfection, they create great art and science. When they love only pleasure and money, they produce a vulgar type of culture. Buddhism certainly inspired the Indian people with lofty ideals of unselfishness, purity, mercy and temperance. It created an atmosphere of earnestness and self-sacrifice. Even the fantastic Jātaka tales show us how Buddhism exalted unselfishness and mercy above other virtues. Houien Tsang's description of the university of Nalanda and its professors proves that Buddhism was the real inspiring force behind Indian culture. Those learned professors did not serve for money; they represented both learning and character. (and that is the true ideal of a university). Those devoted men developed astronomy, mathematics, medicine, and other sciences, as the Benedictine monks in Europe rendered a similar service to civilization. There was no lack of moral idealism in a country, which could produce rulers like Asoka and missionaries like prince Mahendra and his sister. This was the spirit that built up a great civilization like that of Buddhist India.

In the meantime, Buddhism, in its early form, had been carried from India to Ceylon, Burma and Siam. Buddhism was not merely a "religion" for these primitive peoples: it was everything for them,—religion, culture, politics,

art and science. No wonder that Buddhism has become the very life-breath of these nations. It is impossible for us to think of Ceylon, Burma and Siam without Buddhism. One may as well try to think of a friend without recalling his face and name! Apart from this civilizing work of long ago, Ceylon has now given Buddhism to Germany, England and America. Ceylon may play an important part in the future of civilization in this way. Whatever may be done by other nations, Ceylon has already passed on the Tripitaka to the energetic European nations, thus handing on the torch of Dharma to new disciples of the Tathagata. This is also the glory of Buddhism,—that a small, enslaved Asiatic island today is the centre of a European religious movement. The Singhalese are now a politically oppressed nation; but they are the teachers of the Germans and other seekers after truth, as they have kept the teaching of early Buddhism pure and undefiled. There is a great light shining over the whole world from the monasteries of Ceylon.

Hinayāna Buddhism developed by a natural process Mahayana, as early Christianity developed into Catholicism. And this Mahayana really accomplished wonderful things. It became the vehicle of Indian culture, (not merely of Buddhism as a religion), and transmitted Indian science and art to China, Japan, Korea, and Tibet. China was already a civilized nation before it accepted Buddhism; but the other small countries owed nearly everything in the way of higher culture to Buddhistic missionaries. It is an inspiring spectacle! All honour to those great Indian, Chinese and Korean idealists, who sacrificed everthing for the love of the Dhamma, and kept up the tradition of Buddhistic propaganda during so many centuries. Just think of Houien Tsang's indomitable spirit! Mahayana also survived persecution in China. There was an irrepressible principle of Life in it. China owes much to Buddhism. Professor Munsterberg told me that great Chinese art began with Buddhism in China. Japanese sculpture was ennobled by Buddhism. In fact, the roots of Japanese culture are embedded deep in Buddhism. Take away Buddhism from Japan's history, and much of its charm would be gone! We may say that Mahayana built up a great civilization in the Far East, and gave to the Far East all that India had developed during a thousand years. Great religious movements are always "culture-bearers" in this way. They give not only dogmas and metaphysics, but a higher, richer life all round. They promote science, art, literature, politics, and other factors of culture.

I am fond of tracing causes and effects in history. We believe that Japan has rendered a great service to civilization by defending her freedom against Russian imperialism. Now the spirit of Japan owes much (though not everything) to Zen Buddhism. So I have heard and read. This Zen teaching came from China and ultimately from the Indian monk Bodhidharma. Hence we may say that Bodhi-

dharma also helped to defeat the Russians, and thus again inaugurated a new epoch in history. We see the great political and military achievements of Japan, but let us not forget the spirit behind all this progress. That spirit is partly (but not wholly) derived from Buddhism. Buddhism has again sent a message of hope to all,—who are struggling for freedom, and who knows if Buddhism did not also help Japan to beat back the Mongol armada? I believe it did. In this way, we are doubly indebted to Buddhism for saving Japan from slavery in order that she may serve humanity in future.

So much for the outward, palpable facts of history. But the glory of Buddhism is also this—that it has made so many millions of men and women gentle and merciful, kind and charitable, hospitable and generous. We cannot all be saints, but we can be good and helpful in our daily lives, as Buddhism has taught us to be.

"We cannot all be heroes,
And thrill a hemisphere
With some great, daring venture,
Some deed that mocks at fear.
But we can fill a lifetime
With gentle deeds and true,
There's always noble service
For noble souls to do"

The gentleness and kindliness of the Indians, the Snighalese, the Siamese, the Burmese, the Tibetans, the Chinese, the Japanese and the Koreans comes from one and the same source, viz. the words and deeds of Buddha. Here we all meet in that holy of holies. For is not Mercy higher than all dogmas and theories? and is not Love greater than Knowledge and Power? Above all the noise of the sects and monks and doctrine-mongers, I hear this precept: "Love all living creatures, even as a woman loves her child, her only child." This is the greatest glory of Buddhism. And all this glory is ours to cherish and to transmit to posterity.

HAR DAYAL.

THE BURDEN OF DEAF LIFE

To carry the burden of the instrument,
count the cost of its material,
and never to know that it is for music,
is the tragedy of deaf life.

(*From the "Fireflies" of Rabindranath Tagore*)

WE have exposed in our prospectus the aims of the Society of the Friends of Tagore. But besides the cultural, the social, the philosophical aim, we have one more intimate, closer to the heart and soul of every individual, and this is just to try to alleviate the burden of deaf life.

Many centuries ago in a book full of enlightenment but often greatly misunderstood, Jesus said about the people among whom he lived: They have ears and do not hear, and eyes and do not see.

And now Tagore who has concentrated in his soul the truth and beauty of all doctrines of light, speaks about the burden of deaf life. What is this deafness? Nothing but lack of thought. Thought is freedom, light, consciousness of self and of the world. Yet in every century thought, free thought, has been persecuted. Pythagoras perished in the flames with many members of his school, through the frenzy of a wild mob set against him by the enemies of his doctrine, Socrates was poisoned, Plato had to flee far from Athens, persecuted by the Bolshevik party of those days, called "the thirty tyrants," (for our Greece, in miniature, has tried every social system, and there is nothing new under the sun, even Bolshevism). Jesus Christ was crucified, St. Paul beheaded. Later the whole south of France has been desolated by the persecution of the *albigensis* and the *cathares*, scions of free thought. Jan Huss was burnt in Prague. Later we hear of the drowning and killing of thousands of Protestants, and we must know that this persecution was the sequence of the spirit which centuries before had animated the fourth crusade and the antagonism of Rome, first against the Greek oriental Empire and independance of the Greek mind, and after that, against every free religious idea. This narrow tyranny did not stop on the religious ground only: the scientist and philosopher Giordano Bruno was burnt as late as in the 17th century. Even here, in the tolerant and large minded Orient, Saint Nichiren, the popular preacher of truth in the Kamakura period, was cruelly persecuted. To-day, the German philosopher Rudolf Steiner died broken-hearted because his splendid academy, the Goetheneum at Basel, Switzerland, has been reduced to ashes by the enemies of his teaching.

To-day people who speak with freedom and for freedom of thought are at least no longer burnt, we are thankful to say, but they are reduced to silence. The means are simple: they

are ridiculed, or they are paralysed by lack of money. Thus in a different way, free thought continues still to be persecuted.

What is free thought? Many people think it is atheism. While different religions used a spiritual yoke to enforce their doctrines, men who could not believe in the officially enjoined creeds were treated by the religious party as atheists; thus atheism and free thought have often been taken as synonyms. But in reality it is not so. Free thought among a majority of dogmatic and powerful atheists would be the contrary, that means religious thought. In fact free thought is the thought which remains independant in the soul of the individual and which does not bend to the enslaving influence of the majority.

This independance of thought, this interior free road of the individual towards light, has always been hindered by exterior impediments. It is right that it should be so. Only hindrances can exercise the strength of a growing organism and of individual self consciousness. Only hindrances give us the possibility to develop will power. In days gone bye hindrances were, as I said, persecutions through death; to-day the method is changed. Free thought is smothered, hushed, mocked at. But a really strong individual will find the way of speaking. Silenced in one place, he will begin again elsewhere, never weary, never tired,—and as for ridicule,—it will not exist for him, he will not fear to stand it with a good humour which will discourage his opponents.

What does free thought bring? Light, joy, that interior peace which no exterior enjoyment can give. Happiness is not to be bought with money or comfort. You can have both and feel miserable. This does not mean that money or comfort is to be despised, not at all, but they are not sufficient for happiness. This is why in purely materialistic society there is so much exterior amusement, such a craving for novelty, and yet such a disappointment, and discontent, and dissatisfaction.

Tagore calls it the burden of carrying the instrument and counting its material cost. The inward happiness of enlightened thought is "the music," and enlightenment can come only through individual free thought. No dogma, no enforced doctrine of whatever kind, can bring this thought to the soul of man. It must be his own creation, his personal experience, and, if compelled from outside, it will degenerate into the poor imitation of the monkey or the parrot without self-conscious spiritual life. Therefore the first duty of a creature who will become really human, is to think, to develop logic, to remain independant in its own self. And this is what great leaders of humanity have always prompted us to do. Thought makes life worth living. Effort through pain and joy creates our immortal human soul. Awake and think, and go towards light. Do consciously what every flower does unconsciously.

To-day no other poet, philosopher or writer says this more plainly than Tagore, and as the

bearer of this idea, he is so specially precious in our time where materialism leads its grinding chariot of slavery and drudgery for the one part of mankind and its brutal bacchanal of vulgar pleasure for the other one.

Best minds of the West sternly criticise the civilised world's modern state. Prominent men see that civilisation is perishing for lack of spirit of life. Now what is the spirit of life if not a free conscience, the free exercise of logic and of independent, individual thought which is the only way to lift humanity to a higher degree ?

In every age there were poets whom we may call lightbearers, whose mission it was to awake that spirit of life : such were in days of old Orpheus, Sophocles, and nearer to us Goethe, Byron. To day it is Tagore. There have been many other great and excellent poets, but these, and such as these have brought human mind in close touch with the deepest divine consciousness which slumbers in the innermost soul of man. From this standpoint we proclaim Tagore the greatest poet of our time.

Besides this essential quality, his poetry is always arrayed in a garment of most beautiful lyric which makes it easy and clear. Even a child may understand it.

Don't lead a deaf life. Wake your thought, your reason. Be original, be independent in mind. Don't repeat mechanically catchwords from outside or other people's opinions without scrutinising them yourself. Ask always why ? and how ?—and your own conscience will respond, at first perhaps slowly and with difficulty, later quickly and strongly, and your life will become full of inward power. So this is the first point,—which we must attain on the path of our awakening from animal life into really true and dignified human life.—I repeat : think freely without letting our thought be hypnotised by doctrines, fashions and currents of the present hour,—those purely exterior factors. Thought is our own original creation, when like a hidden source it rises from the very depth of our being. To that kind of thought we arrive through concentration on the great questions of life's meaning and of our eternal self. This gradually develops in us the faculty of perceiving the music of the instrument we bear. To listen, to know how to awaken that inward hearing, is the second point we have to attain if we wish to avoid the burden of deaf life. And thus we become aware of the universal harmony which pervades nature, notwithstanding apparent contradictions of evil and pain. But we finish by understanding the necessity of suffering as a way and means to perfection through experience. For suffering is the dissonance which resolves itself in a pure musical chord,—it is only the pain of growth, as when in our young days our limbs ache because they extend their size. Yes, universe is harmony, with which you can attune yourself, for the instrument we carry can perform the most beautiful music. But then we soon discover that some one

listens to us and as an echoe, responds.

As the German poet Schlegel says: "Through all the tunes of the cycle of varying life, vibrates a low tune for him who mysteriously watches."* And the French poet, Henri de Régnier says: "There is some one standing upright behind universal life." Now this some one is the Conscience of the Universe, the "Nous" of Anaxagore and Aristoteles, the Reason, the God, with whom we come in touch through inward harmony. Then we feel ourselves inspired, summoned to pour forth the melodies of our heart. Common men answer by the music of silence but poets like Tagore express themselves in the language of art.

The exercise of your conscience and of your free thought will bring harmony in you, and only then you will be able to hear the music which fills the universe, and with which you can, if you wish it, join your own individual song of life.

Countess J. METAXA.

* Shuman, the great composer, has written on these words one of his most inspired musical works.

LIBERY

"Trackless as birds upon the viewless air,

In Emptiness the Saints find libery."

——*From "Theragatha."*

MANAGO, THE SERPENT*

III.

THE sky was covered thickly with haze, when it was dawn the following day. But by the time the mist broke up many temples here and there were clearly discernible, as the building in which they lodged was standing on a high eminence and commanded a broad view. The birds of the hill were warbling. Flowers of various shades were in full bloom, presenting a glorious sight on the hill side.

"There are many points which will appeal to sight-seers, if their visit is for the first time," the priest said to them and they started for a walk after securing the service of a guide who knew the places very well. They came down a dale along a zigzag path, where stood a temporary abode of an emperor, who visited the place in some old time. The scenery was very charming with a fall coming down a precipice with smothering mist and a deep clear pool below. They spent there some time, opening a basket of chipped fir to enjoy luncheon.

There came an old man stepping on rocks along the glen. Hair like a tuft of uncombed flax covered his head. But he walked with smart and nible feet. He came to the foot of the fall and stared at the party far a while. Manago and Maroya pretended not to see him, turning their back toward him. He looked at them curiously.

"T'is very strange! Unearthly things are bewitching a man," he murmured. "Nay, how they dare to be in my presence in their false guise?"

Upon hearing the words of the old man, they started violently and jumped into the pool; and the water there swirled high up into the air and they were seen no more. Sky darkened instantly with dusky clouds, like black ink, accompanied by violent shafts of rain falling heavily. Frightened nearly to death Toyo-o and his companion were assisted by the old man and taken to a village under the hill, where they took shelter under the eave of a humble cottage.

"Looking into your face closely, I found out that you were under the spell of a bad spirit. You would have lost your life, if I failed to save you. Be very cautious hereafter," he said to Toyo-o. The latter told the old man all about the previous happenings and reverentially asked him to guard his life against the evil-doer.

"Aye, the evil thing is an old serpent which lived many years; wanton is its nature and is said to give birth to a kylin when it comes in contact with a bull and to a spirited steed of high virtue, by a horse. That it enchanted you might be that it was enamoured with your fair countenance," the old man said to Toyo-o. "As it is so much attached to you, your life may be jeopardized, if you are not very wary."

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* Translated by H. Tarao from the Japanese of Ueda Akinari.

Thus warned by him, they reverenced him as a living god. Then he burst out into laughter and told them that he was none but an old priest, Tagima-no-Sabito by name, serving at the Yamato Shrine.

"I will be a guide to you all: come this way," he said and they followed him till they were back to their lodging.

The next morning they arrived at the town of Yamato, where they took leave of him, after expressing their hearty gratitude and making him a present of three rolls of Mino silk and two folds of Tsukushi floss silk. They asked, at the same time, very reverently to purify them from the evil influence of the uncanny being.

He accepted the gifts willingly, which he distributed among the priests serving under him, retaining none of them to himself.

"It is charmed by your handsome face, and for your part you lost reason on account of the fairness of its evanescent form. In future let your spirit be manly and your heart cool. You need not, then, any more assistance from me. I advise you repeatedly to be careful as directed by me," he addressed to Toyo-o.

Toyo-o felt as if he was called back to himself in the middle of a bad dream, and came home feeling that he had not exhausted his words of gratitude to the old priest.

"It was that my heart was not righteous, that I was enchanted by such a supernatural being in the past. I feel it to be inappropriate that I remain here any more, bothering you all, while I do not fulfil my filial duty toward my parents and brother, being far away from them. I am very grateful for your kindness; but I will come back to you sometime in future," Toyo-o said to Kanetada and took leave of him to return to Kii.

All at his home took pity on him, well convinced of the innocence of Toyo-o, after hearing what he told them about the eerie occurrence while he was away from his home. They were, moreover, quite afraid of the obstinate passion of the evil spirit. They attributed these calamities to his being a bachelor and began to think of getting him married.

Shibano-Shoji, a man in the manor of Shiba, had a damsel, who was serving at the Imperial Court in the capital as a court lady of minor grade. Some people came to the house of Toyo-o to ask him to become her husband. This was approved by the family of Oyake and the engagement was accordingly concluded. So some men were sent to the capital to bring her back.

Tomiko, for this was the name of the girl, was exceedingly delighted to come back. Being at the court for years, she was all radiant and charming, because she was well accustomed to the good manners. Toyo-o, therefore, found her to be a graceful woman, when he was in her home to be married to her, and was entirely satisfied with her; but a faint memory of his love with the serpent flitted in his mind. He had a peaceful time on the night of the marriage.

He was somewhat drunken, so he was prompted to joke with her.

"I am rather jealous," he began, "for you will be disgusted with a rustic as I am, for you were, without doubt, caressed by high court nobles and were in intimate relations with some of the dignitaries, during your long life at the court. I am rather suspicious of your conduct there in the past."

"You forgot the old oath of love with me, so that you are exalted in the new love. I feel to hate you more than you do me," said Tomiko raising her head. Her voice was that of Manago, while the person speaking was no other than his newly married wife.

Being much horrified, his hair stood on their end and he was utterly dumbfounded.

"My lord! Be not astonished. You forget so soon our mutual vow of love, which was to last forever, but we meet again, so long as the cord of love tying us is not broken. I will surely take vengeance on you, if you are to listen to the false charge of others to sever me from you, without sound reason," she said smiling. "The mountain in the region of Kii is quite high, but I will pour your blood down to the bottom of the valley from its peak. Be careful not to spoil your life uselessly."

He trembled unceasingly; he felt himself almost dead with horror as though he were going to be devoured by her.

"Why! My lord is displeased, when it is the most blessed time," someone said behind the screen and Maroya stood before the couple.

Toyo-o lost his heart more than ever in terror; he had nothing more to do than to shut his eyes and lie down covering his face with his hands. They tried now to calm him. They spoke to him in turns, but he did not reply anything, lying as if he were dead, till it was dawn.

He came out of the bed chamber stealthily and went to Shoji to tell all of what had happened to him.

"It was so horrible that I could scarcely endure. Really I do not know how I can get rid of it; and I wish you will hit upon some means to end this matter," he said in whisper lest his counsel might be overheard. Shoji and his wife, with emaciated faces, did not know what to do, for they were greatly embarrassed, They racked their brains thinking how to settle the trouble.

A priest from the temple Kurama, near the capital, who used to come to Kumano to worship the god there once every year, was staying for some days in a temple on a hill at the other side of the village. He was esteemed by the villagers for they believed that he was endowed with a power to do miracles, to remove plague, to drive out bad spirits from spell bound persons, to exterminate devastating locusts, in fact, to save people from all kinds of disaster.

It was decided, at last, to ask for his assistance and he was sent for in utmost expedition. He arrived there without the loss of time and was told

all about the weird being and its doings.

"It is no difficult matter to capture such a malicious spirit. Do not make any noise and be quite easy," he said proudly, being much elated of his importance in the matter and fully confident of his power. They heaved sighs of relief upon hearing his assurance. He asked for some quantity of sulphur, and prepared a certain kind of water of holy merit, which he poured into a small pitcher to its brim. Then he proceeded toward the bed chamber scoffing at the anxious faces of the people.

"Please stay here," he said, "as I will capture the serpent in your presence." He approached the room. But as soon as the door was opened, the serpent thrust out its head and made toward him. What a big head it had! It almost filled the entrance, shining whiter than snow; its eyes were like bright mirrors and horns stood upward like logs. It advanced to him emitting its fiery tongue from its mouth, wide open, which was three feet in width, in action to swallow him at one gulp.

He threw out the pitcher, which he held in his hand, shrieking wildly with fear; and he came back to them hobbling as he was not able to stand.

"It's awful! It is an avenging deity, all powerful. How a poor priest like me can pray against it! I might have lost my life, if I were destitute of my limbs," he piped out. They helped him to rise; but his face and body were stained red and black, as if they were dyed, and were hot with fever as burning fire. He was apparently badly affected by the venom of the serpent and was hardly alive. Water was sprinkled on him which did not save his life. He died soon after.

They lost their heart and felt that they would surely die. But Toyo-o came to sense.

"Even the prayer of such a virtuous priest failed and it clings to me persistently. I shall be hunted out by it forever, however hard I try to escape from it," he said resolutely, "besides it is not righteous to let others suffer on my account. I will not ask anyone to assist me. Do not worry about the matter."

Toyo-o wanted to go back to the bed; but the family of Shoji stopped him, asking him not to lose his sense. He proceeded to the monster, not heeding their advice. The door was opened silently and the couple sat face to face, without making any noise.

"Is there any hostility between us that you ask others to capture me?" Tomiko reprimanded him. "If you show any sign of hostility, I will repay for it; you shall not be the only victim to my wrath, but all the villagers shall experience a bitter result of it. Be grateful for my faithfulness and centre upon me your devotion."

Toyo-o felt utmost disgust to listen to her talking to him affectionately.

"A proverb has it that man do not want necessarily to harm a tiger if it has no mind to injure him. You stick to me with your earthly desire, and you have repeatedly placed me in great distress. Moreover it is inhuman

that you avow a horrible vengeance, whenever you open your mouth," Toyo-o replied. "If you love with the love of a human being, give life to Tomiko, as I cannot endure to witness the lamentation of other people on my account. Spare the life of Tomiko. After that you may take me to any place you like."

Upon hearing this, the spirit nodded as if it was satisfied. Getting out of the room, he told Shoji what had passed between him and Tomiko impersonated.

"As I am under the spell of a ghostly thing, it is heartless on my part to allow it to cause you troubles. The life of your daughter shall be safe, if you consent to permit me to get out of your house," Toyo-o entreated.

But Shoji would not admit what he argued.

"I am a member of the Samurai class; that I am so helpless in the matter is shameful and I cannot stand what the men of the Oyake family might think of me," Shoji said. "Let me consider of some better way to confront the calamity. Well, I have it. There lives a Buddhist priest of high virtue, who performs many things by power of prayer, Hokkai Osho is his name. He is said to be so very old that he does not like to go out. But he will not leave what I ask him undone, by all means."

He hurriedly started on horse back. The temple was reached by him at about midnight, for the way thither was very far from Shoji's. The old priest came out of his sleeping chamber and listened to what the visitor related to him.

"You are justified in taking the matter as a serious one. My power is not so strong as in the past days, as I am very old as you see; but I will try my best, because the welfare of your family is at stake. Be quick to return to your house. I will be there in due time," he replied. He took out a kesa* imbued with the scent of poppy seeds and handed it over to Shoji.

"Try to get the demon's temper pacified. Then hurl this on its head and press it down forcibly. Most probably it will slip away, if you do this half-mindedly. Do it with prayer," the priest instructed Shoji very kindly.

Exceedingly delighted, the latter came back to his house on his horse, galloping all the way. On his return, he told Toyo-o secretly about the instruction of the priest and handed the kesa to him, asking him to perform the venture with success.

Toyo-o hid the kesa in his bosom and went to the bed room of Manago.

"Shoji agrees to give his leave at last; come along and let us start," Toyo-o said.

It was delighted to have this tiding agreeable to its wishes and was at the point of getting out of the house, when he cast the kesa on its head and pressed it with all his might.

"Oh it hurts me! Why are you so cruel? Give the quarter for a little while," it shrieked. But Toyo-o pressed it harder, regardless to what it asked of him.

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* Kesa is a small dress worn by a Buddhist priest on the shoulder and side obliquely.—Translator.

Hokkai arrived soon after on a litter and came into the house assisted by those present, till he was in the room. He was meanwhile muttering an invocation, and pushing Toyo-o away, lifted the kesa from Tomiko, under which she lay prostrate and senseless with a white serpent about three feet long resting on her body, coiled and motionless. The old priest picked it up and cast it into a Buddhist's bowl for alms, which was carried by one of his disciples. He continued to say his prayer, till a small serpent about a foot came out crawling from behind the paper screen. He captured this one also and took it into the bowl, which he sealed with the kesa. After this he mounted on his litter to go back. The villagers worshipped him amid their tears. He had a deep hole dug, after his return to his temple, in front of the main building, in which he caused the reptiles in the bowl buried. Thus they were forbidden to make their appearance again.

There stood a tomb of the serpents till recent time, so they say.

The girl of Shoji revived at last and the life of Toyo-o was quite peaceful thereafter.

(End)

CHILDREN'S HYMN

BLOSSOMS

As flowers 'neath the sun's caress
Their petals bright unfold,
And give to all, in beauty rare,
A richer gift than gold ;
So may our lives the blossoms fair
Of love and kindness show,
That blessing, comfort, hope and cheer
On all we may bestow.

Lord Buddha, Sun of Truth and Love,
With Thy life-giviny ray
Do Thou inspire our hearts and minds
To richer growth each day ;
Till in Nirvana we shall rise,
When earthly life is o'er,
Beneath the sunshine of Thy smile
To bloom forevermore.

A. R. ZORN.

THE HERALDIC EMBLEMS OF JAPAN

HERALDRY always kept pace with feudalism, for a crest was in most cases a sign of feudal distinction. In feudal days, Japan had some three hundred local lords, or daimyo, with two hundred thousand retainers, or samurai, under them, and each of the daimyo and samurai families had an emblem of its own. Japan was indeed rich in heraldic crests.

The Japanese heraldic signs are of obscure origin, and so far as historcal records of the country go, crests made their first appearance in Japan in the tenth month of 603 A.D., when Prince Shotoku, the Father of Buddhism in Japan, made an emblem for the Imperial family, though some authors contend that such a sign had already existed in the mythological days of the country. Later, about the middle of the twelfth century, when the two military families of Minamoto and Taira were rivals for supremacy in power at court, they adopted two flags, white and red, as their emblems. These two flags soon gave way to the family crests of the *sasa-rindo* (literally, bamboo- or leaf-gentian) for the Minamoto and of a butterfly for the Taira family. The two families of Nitta and Ashikaga, which came of the same Minamoto family, adopted as their family emblem a circle, the former with a horizontal line across it in representation of the sun and the latter with two lines imitating the moon. Such was the first appearance of the regular crests for the military class of Japan, all samurai, of the later days, with a few exceptions, belonging to either of these military families.

The civil courtiers adopted their crests earlier than these military families did. Saionji Sanesuye (1032-1091 A.D.) of the family of the present *Genro* (Senior Statesman) of Japan, put the eddy-shaped emblem of *Tomoye* on his coach about the end of the eleventh century, and a figure of the *boké* (flowering-quince or tree-melon as the Japanese word literally means) was first used as a crest on a coach by the Tokutaiji family in the beginning of the twelfth century.

No exact date is found in history regarding the beginning of the Imperial crest of the chrysanthemum. The ex-Emperor Go-Toba (1184-1198 A.D.) was very fond of the chrysanthemum, which the Japanese highly prized and in their admiration called the "King of a Hundred Flowers" after the Chinese fashion. When he himself made a sword, a picture of a chrysanthemum was inscribed on it. The ex-Emperor put the same emblem on his garments and coach. This is generally regarded as the first appearance of the chrysanthemum as the Imperial emblem of Japan. The Emperors Go-Fukakusa (1247-1258 A.D.), Kameyama (1260-1274 A.D.) and Go-Uda (1265-1287 A.D.) followed the example set by Go-Toba, and adopted the same emblematic representation on many of their

household articles. The Imperial flag conferred upon one Azumi by Prince Morinaga during the Duarchal Days (1332-1392 A.D.) had the picture of a chrysanthemum bearing sixteen petals and this is the first record of a 16-petal chrysanthemum used as the Imperial emblem. Before the chrysanthemum came to be used as the Imperial crest, however, two flags representing the sun and the moon had been used by the Imperial family, and for this reason some authors hold that the present chrysanthemum crest is a variation of the solar emblem, the petals in it standing for the sun's rays.

A crest, being a mark of distinction, was put on almost everything that belonged to samurai during feudal days. As a feudal mark of militarism, it was put on all weapons, such as coats of mail, hilts, scabbards, shields, saddles, stirrups, bits, quivers, etc. On fields of battle, a tent was pitched, with the crest of the general marked on all sides to indicate the position of his headquarters. Hence the Shogunate Government was commonly known as the *Bakufu*, or Tent-Capital, hinting that his government was attended to on the fields of battle. The gate of a samurai's residence showed his rank and office by the crest of the house-owner. Nor did household articles or furniture make an exception to this general rule, such small articles as rice bowls and tea-cups always bearing the crests of their owners.

A crest represented any object, either real or imaginary, whether botanical or zoological, that looked pretty or lucky to the eye of the feudal people. Dr. Numata counts eighty different kinds of crests, with 4,805 variations, which were used by daimyo and samurai during the feudal days of Japan. They include, among many other things:

Astronomical and topographical objects: The sun, the moon, the stars, clouds, mountains, rivers, waves, etc., etc.

Botanical objects, including 48 families and 93 species: Bamboos, cherries, chestnuts, chrysanthemums, cloves, dandelions, maples, morning glories, oaks, peonies, etc., etc.

Zoological objects, including 7 families and 37 species: Cocks, crows, deer, dragonflies, horses, lions, pigeons, sparrows, swallows, tigers, tortoises, etc., etc.

In a sense, a crest marked the privileged class of samurai, for no outside persons were allowed to wear a family crest of any kind. Nor could one wear or imitate anybody else's crest, to say nothing of the Imperial emblem of the chrysanthemum, the imitation of which was prohibited by law. All crests being legally registered, no new ones could be made without the permission of a local lord. In feudal days, in which order was almost everything in society, the rank and office of a samurai could be told by the crest he wore, and it was one of the chief subjects of study for the samurai class to know the crests of all daimyo and samurai in the country. A crest was as bindingly important to a samurai in feudal days as a regimental ensign is to a soldier.

It was inviolable and demanded no less respect and honour than its wearer himself. The crest of a daimyo, for instance, was regarded by his samurai and other people as sacred as those of the Emperor and the Shogun, any sign of disrespect to which meant death, and people bowed before the crest of their lord or anything that bore it as they did before his person. Even now, the Japanese will keep as a treasure anything marked with such a crest.

At the Restoration of 1868, however, all restrictions on the use of crests were removed and people can use or make a crest of any kind that they may please. They now make little or nothing of their crests, which are put only on their garments. Heraldry is fast losing its last hold on Japan.

A. H. SAKAI.

NEMO SOLUS SAPIT

(No one is the only wise one)

A brave conceit is scribbled on the page
Of now, condemning what a former age
Created and found good. We, of the West,
Have named it progress; but the little while
Till thus our own assurances have passed—
With what a strange contentment we beguile.

Is progress always this? Perhaps the East
(An all-mistaken peoples must have ceased.)
Survives the centuries by what is best—
Too fine to grace oblivion, it seems;
Enduring till it comes one day, at last,
Better to steady our young Western Dreams.

JULIA WALCOTT COCKCROFT.

A LITTLE HEROINE

"Masako-san!" said her teacher, "you are late in school recently. From now on, you must be here in time early in the morning." This was said in a class room of the Hachiman Primary School, Tokushima Prefecture, one afternoon early in 1923, to a child of nine years of age, clad in rags and with an emaciated face. The child's name was Masako and she was in the second year class. "Please, teacher, pardon me," she replied, "I cannot get up early for anything."

"Then, you mean that you do not care for success in life. Did I not tell you all that great women were early risers?"

"O teacher, I cannot rise up early, because I sit up every day until late in the night. I must make match-boxes to earn money."

"Ah! Masako-san, I see..... I see all about it. Don't worry yourself about school after tomorrow," said her teacher as he patted Masako on her shoulder, with tears in her eyes.

The father of Masako died the previous year in his 48th year of age, leaving behind him his wife, the eldest son Isamu, a 15 year old boy, eldest daughter Masako, then a 9 year old girl, and the second son Kinya, a 4 year old boy. The only fortune he left was 13 yen in cash against a mountain of debts. The bereaved family found themselves standing face to face with hunger. The poor widow got for her eldest son the post of an office boy with a neighbouring business firm for 16 yen a month, while herself began to do needle work for her neighbours. Their income was not enough to enable them to live in comfort. So, the eldest son Isamu worked till late at night to earn a few yen besides his regular pay. On holidays, the boy went out to the neighbouring hills to gather woods. Thus peaceful days lasted for some months in spite of their bitter poverty. But the boy soon fell a victim to his overwork. He was caught by consumption. And, to make the matter worse, the mother contracted a stubborn form of rheumatism. Their struggle with hunger was now a matter of desperation. In spite of their suffering, the sick boy and mother took up the job of making match-boxes. At first they made 400 boxes a day, and could earn 60 sen. In the second month, however, they could make only 300 boxes a day, for their energy and strength were fast deserting them as their diseases developed. The number of the match boxes they made dwindled day after day, so that in the third month they could make only 200, in the fourth 100, and in the fifth not more than 50 boxes a day. This meant that their income was reduced to 7.5 sen a day, or just enough to get a few bowls of rice. At the beginning of 1923, the sick mother became entirely helpless, and was confined to bed, never to leave it again. A month later, the sick boy was also confined to bed. Masako, a poor

thing only 9 years old, gathered what clothes were left, pawned them for a small sum of money and asked a doctor to examine her mother and brother. The doctor found that both the mother and the boy were nearing their ends, but he had no heart to tell the truth to poor Masako. Her mother and elder brother were well aware of the heavy burdens they were piling up on the slender shoulder of the poor little girl, but were impatient because of the intolerable pains from their fatal diseases. The sick mother would often ask herself to be shampooed all over or order the poor girl to go out to buy a bottle of lemonade even at midnight. Masako could scarcely sleep night after night. When the mother and the elder brother were called by nature, she would carry them one by one on her back to the place where they could wash their hands. Nor were these all the works she had to do. Kinya, then a five year old boy, was left in her care. We can not imagine how a girl, only nine years old, could have withstood such a life.

But better days were coming to her soon. The owner of the house occupied by the poor family came to demand the rent which had been unpaid for over ten months, and was so moved by the pitiful sight of the family, that instead of getting paid, left a sum of money with Masako. A clerk of the electric company, who came to Masako's house, to remove the lights, because they had not been paid for for months, saw the miserable life of the inmates, and left, saying, "Well, my dear girl, I will take the whole responsiblity on my shoulder. You may use the lights for nothing." At last the villagers were all moved by her heroic conducts. On May 18, 1923, the local authorities gave a prize in recognition of her filial piety and fraternal live. All the pupils of the Hachiman Primary School numbering 800 contributed a large collection of money for the poor family. The lives of her sick mother and brother were, however, already numbered. The mother passed away on May 22, 1923, and Isamu, her sick brother, followed mother in August of the same year. And so poor Masako and her five year old brother were left orphans. But their trouble was now at an end. A wealthy man of the village, who had been impressed with the good conduct of Masako, adopted both of them as his children. Masako is now attending the Hachiman Primary School. She is the head of the sixth year class of the school.

K. ISHIMURA.

CEYLON NOTES

THE incorporation of the Young Men's Buddhist Association is now an accomplished fact, the Ordinance framed for the purpose having been passed by the Legislative Council a few weeks back. This event derives additional significance, for the Y. M. B.A. is the first Buddhist Society to acquire this legal status, which gives stability to its constitution and ensures its future development. Members and well-wishers of the Association will no doubt welcome its incorporation as marking another definite step forward in its progress. The achievement is due to the result of laborious work deligently done by the Hon. Mr. D. B. Jayatilake, the President, and other members of the Institution.

The Association, when it was founded in 1898, was composed of a very small number of members, the majority of whom were young Government clerks. Of the original band of members, the majority have now passed away, but they have left behind them a tradition of unselfish work which should prove an inspiration to their successors. In recent years the Association has, undoubtedly, shown signs of healthy and vigorous development, but there is obviously yet vast room for expansion.

THE "BUDDHIST"

The resuscitation of the "Buddhist," the organ of the Colombo Y.M.B.A. after three and a half years of inactivity is another welcome sign which indicates the energy and activity of the Y.M.B.A. This step was badly needed for several reasons, one of them being the need for an English journal to represent Buddhist interests. The first two numbers of the journal contain a short but well selected series of articles of high merit, dealing with a wide range of subjects. Since the success of the magazine depends on it being self-supporting from the outset, the Editor appeals for aid to the members of the Buddhist public.

BUDDHIST MISSIONARIES AND THE NEPALESE GOVERNMENT

Alleged acts of cruelty accorded to six Buddhist priests and seven Buddhist ladies, in Nepal (North India), has roused the Buddhists of Ceylon and Burma to a sense of their duty. The seven priests, who included an Indian, are said to have been driven out of that country. The Indian monk was ordered not to preach Buddhism; and the Nepalese not to become Buddhists. Seven Buddhist ladies of Asoka Patana, who visited the Nagarjuna Cave on a pilgrimage, were confined for seven days in a damp dirty room which was also used by a male Muslim convert.

Buddhism, it may be remembered, was the principal religion of the Nepalese as also of the Gurkhas. Even now the majority of the people are supposed to be Buddhists, although for want of State encouragement of Buddhist education, there is an apparent decline. The last few years witnessed a revival of Buddhist pro-

paganda work there. So far no Buddhist ruler or priest interfered in Buddhist duties and rights, and hence developments are eagarly awaited.

VIHARA IN EAST AFRICA

Recent papers to hand from Dar-es-salaam (British East Africa) give interesting accounts of the activities of Buddhists living in that distant land. One of their chief aims is to propagate the Dhamma among the people of that country in which they are sojourning. We are glad to note that they have decided to erect a Buddhist temple in Dar-es-salaam, the total cost of which is estimated at Shs. 60,000. Already a sum of Shs. 16,500 has been collected and they hope to carry the building operation with the least possible delay. Their efforts to propagate the Buddha Dhamma in that far off country are most gratifying and deserve the active sympathy and generous support of the Buddhists of even distant Japan.

TAGORE'S PORTUGUESE ANCESTOR

News comes from Lisbon that in an interview given to the "Daily Maily," the Great Indian Poet, Rabindranath Tagore, announced his desire to visit Portugal, when he expected to deliver a lecture in Lisbon. In the course of the interview the poet said:—"I shall not be content in seeing Lisbon alone, but shall travel across the whole continent, which, as they tell me, is a wonderful land of the sun and I shall speak of my admiration and joy—joy of an Indian who still feels in his veins a streak of Portuguese blood! My ancestor to the first generation was a son of a Portuguese, and I feel that this tie is not so remote as not to evoke in me a call to see a country so fertile in all that is beautiful and valorous."

TREBITSCH LINCOLN

Trebitsch Lincoln, the ex-British M. P. and Secret Agent, who, it will be recalled, was living in a Buddhist monastery in the neighbourhood of Colombo, under the assumed name of Dr. Leo Tendler, prior to his leaving for England before the execution of his elder son for murder, has since been making a precarious living in Europe, in out-of-the-way places by writing and preaching. He now proclaims himself the leader of a new religious movement which is going to save the Anglo-Saxon race. He claims to have got in touch with his son's spirit and gained his forgiveness, and through him to be able now to offer a message of comfort to the world.

He hopes to return to America, leading the New Crusaders in a war on shams and impostures and eventually to have the ban against him in England lifted and continue the same work there.

At the time of writing, news from Bangkok brings the startling announcement, that in spite of the ban against him, Lincolin is trying to visit Siam in disguise, where he intends to enter a Buddhist monastary. This is followed by cabled news from Peking to the effect that the ex-spy has arrived there disguised as a Buddhist priest and is trying to per-

suade Panshem Lama to facilitate his entry into India via Tibet. Where he is now, is not known, but the Police both in India and Siam have been warned to be on the look out for him, as he was believed to have had a hankering after the priesthood. And if he does manage to enter either of these countries, it is not at all impossible that he will succeed in entering a monastary without being detected.

DEATH OF A KOREAN PRIEST

His many friends and relatives will hear with deep regret that the Korean Buddhist priest, the Rev. Yung Jai Li, has died at the Ragama Tuberculosis Hospital after a protracted illness. He arrived in this Island some time back for the purpose of studying Buddhism and to acquire a knowledge of Pali. The deceased belonged to the Province of Chuseihokudo, Korea, and was 28 years at the time of his death. He was sent out at the expense of the Kegonji and Seriganji Temples and after spending a few months in Colombo, went to the Buddhist Seminary, Kandy, where he fell ill in January this year. He was then removed to Aggaramaya Temple, Ambalangoda, where he grew worse, having contracted intestinal trouble. When his case grew still worse he came to Colombo and the Japanese Consul and prominent members of the local Japanese Colony made the necessary arrangements for him to enter the General Hospital. Later it was discovered that he had contracted consumption, and in September he was removed to the Ragama Hospital, where he expired on October 12. The Rev. Inouye, a Japanese priest, who was in attendance on the deceased priest throughout his illness, informed the Japanese Consul, who proceeded to Ragama with Messrs. H. Nomura and S. Nakamura of the Consulate and Mr. K. Eusha, representative of the Colombo Japanese Association. On the following day the body was brought to Colombo and the cremation took place the same afternoon at the General Cemetery, in the presence of a large gathering composed of nearly all the Japanese residents of Colombo and a large number of Ceylonese, including 20 Buddhist priests.

Before the cremation ceremony, the High Priest of Aggaramaya, Ambalangoda, the teacher of the deceased priest, delivered an oration extolling the life of the pupil whose death he deeply regretted. Then followed the usual ritual in which the Japanese priests, Inouye, Furakawa and Matsui took park after which the pyre was lit by Mr. K. Eusha. The ashes of the deceased have been collected by the Rev. Iremji for despatch to Korea.

V. DE S.

NOTES

Golden Image of Buddha from Siam

H. M. King Prada Dhipok of Siam has graciously been pleased to send a golden image of Buddha to the Buddhist believers of Japan. The gift was made on the occasion of a visit recently paid to Siam by Baron Kihichiro Okura, one of the outstanding businessmen of Japan, and was received in audience by His Majesty. An impressive ceremony was held at the Zojoji Temple in Shiba Park, Tokyo, on November 5 to receive the precious gift. It was attended by more than one thousand people, including distinguished Buddhist priests, scholars and high Government officials. About three hundred priests representing all Buddhist sects in this country took part in the service. Among others, His Excellency Phya Chamnong Dithaka, Siamese Minister to Japan, made a fitting speech, and Dr. Rentaro Midzuno, Minister of Education, read a congratulatory address. In this address, the latter expressed his deep appreciation for the gift of the King to the Japanese people. "In 1900, the King of Siam sent a part of the bone of Buddha to the Japanese people as a token of friendship between the two countries," said Dr. Mizuno. "The present gift will never fail to gratify the heart of the Japanese people who are of the same religious faith as that of the people of Siam. The good will of the King of Siam in presenting the Buddha to the Japanese people is bound to have a strong moral effect such as enunciated by Buddha."

Following the ceremony the golden Buddha was taken to the Tokyo station escorted by the 300 priests and was thence conveyed by train to Nagoya to be consecrated and set up in the Nissen Temple in that city, which was erected in 1901 to enshrine the bone of the Buddha sent by the King of Siam.

Buddhist Priests to Run for Parliament

The next general election to take place in 1928 is expected to be particularly interesting, because it will be the first test of manhood suffrage adopted in Japan. What will be the outcome of it none is in a position to predict with any degree of accuracy. But all are agreed that the Lower House will have new blood infused into it and in consequence the political situation will see more or less change for the better. A noteworthy fact in this connection is that many Buddhist priests will run for Parliamentary seats. It is said that the authorities of the Nishi Hongwanji Temple of Kyoto have decided to put forth an organized effort to send to the Imperial Diet at least thirty priests belonging to that sect at the next general election. The *Osaka Mainichi* says:—

"It is estimated that there are about 7,000,000 adherents to the

Nishi Hongwanji Sect, though of course many of these are women and minors. The actual voting strength is probably about one million, although this figure is only an approximate one. Moreover, it must be remembered that the majority of these million voters, scattered throughout the country, would not have the opportunity of voting for a Buddhist candidate. Again, it is unlikely that persons with decided political views would desert their party simply because a Buddhist priest stood for election. The call of party would come before that of religion.

"In some constituencies, however, where Buddhist influence is a power, it is quite probable that a priest standing for election would get a very large measure of support. Further, the appearance of a third candidate with a good following might quite easily win a seat which in the ordinary way would go to the Seiyukai or Minseito, especially if those two parties were fairly evenly divided.

"In any case, the decision of the Nishi Hongwanji to take an active part in the political campaign will certainly introduce a new and by no means negligible feature in Japanese politics. It may lead to similar action by other religious bodies, and will certainly complicate the already complicated state of political affairs in this country."

Royal Library of Cambodia

French Indo-china is the meeting place of the two great branches of Buddhism. Cambodia and Laos belong to the Hinayāna Pāli church, while Annam and Tonkin are affiliated with the Mahāyāna Chinese church. France, where the scientific study of Buddhism originated with such men as Abel Rémusat and Eugène Burnouf as pioneers, has now to take a practical interest in the same field. The future of Indo-china will largely depend on the value of the Buddhist monks as pagodas are still the chief seat of popular education, while the French school of the Far East (Ecole Française d'Extrême-orient), started in 1899 under the inspiring direction of M. Finot, has been endeavouring to unveil the past of the old Kambuja and Champā Kingdoms. A school for higher study of Pāli was opened at Phnompenh. A young French lady, Mademoiselle Suzanne Karpelès, whose name is already known to Buddhist scholars as the editor and translator of the Lokesvara-sataka (Sanskrit and Tibetan texts) was appointed the keeper of the Royal Library of Cambodia. M^lle^ Karpelès has already done much good work in collecting and cataloguing a big amount of Pāli mss. preserved in many monasteries of Cambodia. Now she is publishing a monthly magazine, in the Cambodian Language: the 'Campuchea sauriya' (that is Kambuja suriya, the sun of Cambodia), dealing only with the Buddhist lore. A summary of the recent numbers lately received here will show the real interest of the papers printed in this magazine.

First year, No. 8:—the Ten Jātaka and the Pathama Sambodhi

by H. E. Thiounn, minister of the palace, — Abhidhammattha-sarigata, translated from the Pāli by Actar Sou of the Royal Library, —History of Buddhism, by M. Finot, translated into Cambodian, —a Lecture on Buddhism by Commandant Robert, translated by M. Choum man, Kromokar Librarian in the Royal Library. No. 9:—A continuation of the same papers, beside a paper,—Rules of Bodily Hygiene extracted from the Dipani-atthakathā-mangala-sutta, and translated by Preas Nhean Bāvarvicchea Em, Professor in the higher school of Pāli, etc.

Under the able management of M^lle Karpelès the Royal Library has already published some tracts:—Gihipadebat or extracts from Tripitaka; one hundred Gathās from the sacred Books of Buddhism; Abhidhammattha-sangata, a compendium of Buddhist methaphysics, etc.

Sylvain Lévi.

Death of Dr. Nanjo

It is with deep regret that we note the death of Dr. Bunjo Nanjo, the foremost Sanskrit scholar and one of the most respected Buddhist priests of Japan. The deceased, who was 79 years of age, has long been in indifferent health, and peacefully passed away at his home in Tokyo on November 9. A review of his life and carrer was published in the preceding issue of this journal and Mr. M. Zumoto, the distinguished journalist, who is an intimate friend of the deceased savant, will give in the next issue a sketch of his literary achievements. It is a heavy loss to the Buddhist circles of this country that within a few months two outstanding figures joined the great majority one after another—Prof. Daito Shimaji and Dr. Bunyu Nanjo.

Living Force of Buddhism

Who says Buddhism is decadent in Japan? Proof that instead of being in the wane, it continues to be a great force for good is too numerous to cite. For instance, a recent issue of a great Tokyo newspaper carried a pleasant story of a Japanese woman, who, under the benign influence of Buddhism, forsook her life of sin. The woman referred to is Mrs. Kiyo Sakata, proprietor of a house of ill fame in the city of Yamagata, North-eastern Japan. Her husband died six years ago and since that time she has eagerly been seeking spiritual salvation from the merciful hands of Buddha. One day last month, she called on the head priest of the Hoshoji Temple near her town and told him that she had freed six girls in her employ, cancelling their debts totalling 12,000 *yen*, and that she wanted to contribute her house to the temple to be rebuilt into a kindergarten. "I have sinned against Lord Buddha and want to atone for my sins," she said to the priest. She further explained that ever since her husband's death six years ago she found great consolation in visiting Buddhist temples and hearing sermons. The more she heard of Buddua's teaching, the clearer she saw how sinful was

her business. At last she could no longer continue it and decided to give it up altogether. When the six girls in her employ were told by their mistress that they were free they could not believe her words, for the announcement was too good to be true, but soon found that Mrs. Sakata meant what she said. Needless to say they went to their respective homes in a buoyant frame of mind, like birds freed from their cages. "They were happy, but I was no less happy," concluded the penitent woman. Work is now in progress to remove her house to the compound of the Hoshoji Temple to be converted into a kindergarten.

Projected Trans-Pacific Flight

The talk of a trans-Pacific non-stop flight by Japanese aviators is rapidly taking shape. Among other preliminary steps to the realization of the project, Mr. Taki, M. P. and a wealthy manufacturer of fertilizers, has offered 100,000 yen as prize and four aviators of the Japan Aviation Company, Messrs, Y. Goto, T. Fujimoto, N. Kaieda and U. Suwa, have been chosen to be trained at the Kasumigaura Naval Aviation Station for carrying out the daring flight. It is proposed that the flight shall be made in summer next between Tokyo and Seattle.

At a dinner given in honour of the four aviators by the Imperial Aviation Society on November 24 at the Chuotei Restaurant, Marunouchi, Tokyo, Mr. Fujimoto told how he came to think of a trans-Pacific flight. He recalled his last Shanghai-Osaka flight made in May and his fall into the ocean with his plane. He declared that he made the determination to do something great while he was at the mercy of high waves.

Lindbergh's trans-Atlantic flight, he said, made him hit upon the idea of crossing the Pacific, a flight which no other airman of the world has ever accomplished.

"Kaneko, my mechanic, and I left Muko for Nagasaki via Goto islands," Mr. Fujimoto said in narrating his adventurous flight on May 11. "We hopped off at 9 o'clock in the morning. Before we made the Goto islands we found the engine in trouble, and bursting forth fire.

"We discovered water dropping from the machine and the temperature was going up. At first the heat was 52 degrees. It jumped to 58, 60, 70, 80 and finally 95 degrees. A 100 degrees would have meant a great explosion. It was all in less than 15 minutes since trouble was discovered, and we were forced to land in the ocean.

"There was no land, no ship in sight and the waves were so high that the airplane was broken and we clung to a float which was torn off the airplane. Thus we were entirely at the mercy of the sea and we thought of death.

"I did not like to die without having done anything noteworthy and I almost cried. I thought of my old mother in the country and I felt it very painful to die in the midst of the ocean. Time dragged on and one hour passed, two hours and three hours, but

no help came. It was cloudy and we could see nothing but high waves and lowering clouds.

"While floating on the ocean, sticking to the landing-gear, I thought if God saved me I would do something great and this idea dispelled all fears.

"But almost five hours had passed and still we were on the ocean. We knew that evening was approaching and that made our death almost a certainty. Again I began to feel lonely and to think of death.

"In the meantime the sun broke the clouds and came full upon us. We felt delighted and soon we saw a black spot on the horizon. It proved to be a steamer sailing two miles off. We saw one mast and that showed us the ship was coming toward us.

"We were so delighted that we let loose and splashed with joy. But as we watched the ship, it changed its course and we began to see two masts. That gave us great surprise and I stood on Kaneko's shoulder and waved a coat to catch the attention of the crew on board.

"We howled at the top of our voice and that seems to have caught the attention of the men on the vessel so that the rescue ship came toward us and we were saved. That was 3:15 o'clock in the afternoon.

"That is why I am determined to undertake the coming non-stop Pacific flight," Mr. Fujimoto declared, "I am short in stature and not of the best health, but in spirit and enthusiam I am second to none. I consider myself already dead and I am determined to do my best to accomplish the flight."

Messrs. Fujimoto and Kaieda will first try the air venture and if they are disabled their place will be taken by Messrs. Suwa and Goto.

Impressions of Japan

Professor Arundel del Re, who has lately arrived in Japan to occupy the chair of English literature at the College of Literature of the Imperial University of Tokyo, writes of his impressions of Japan as follows:—

For anyone who has not been out to the Far East before, it is difficult at first to sort out his impression coherently. There are so many small details, such a large number of unaccustomed sights, sounds and smells that one is inclined to be exclaiming all the time. All of which may be an admirable means of relieving an over-tense mind, but can scarcely serve as an impression. What one sees and hears of Japan in Europe is so confusing that one is disposed to wonder if the travellers have not been blinded or intoxicated by what they have seen, so that like Lohengrin or Parsifal their accounts are contradictory and disjointed. Knowing this, and not wishing to be pre-influenced by such tales as those of *Madame Chrysantheme* or to see the Japanese countryside through the eyes of Hiroshige, I determinedly closed my ears and my eyes to the traditional Japanese 'picturesque' so that my first impressions should be keener and if possible, saner.

Each great sea-girt country seems to me to have its own avenue of approach, which should serve as a preparation; certain features as characteristic of it, as the signature or mark of a master-musician, painter, poet. The fiords and network of islets, in approaching Norway, the white cliffs of England seem to me to correspond in their individual way to the justly famous Inland Sea of Japan, in which one may see fragments, specimens of the most beautiful landscape, as well as witnesses of the modern life and greatness of Japan. What perhaps surprised and impressed me most was the light, and the colouring both in the Inland Sea, as in the stretch of country between Kobe and Osaka. Instead of being harsh, intense, brilliant, as the word 'East' might seem to imply, it was soft, delicate, with a great variety of light shades. At times, indeed, except for the delicate growth of the trees, and the Japanese characters on the posters, one might have almost been in some parts of Germany or Switzerland. And yet there is a subtle difference which it is difficult to guage. Indeed I sometimes think that the beauty, charm, and individuality of the Japanese; their manners, customs, art, lies not in any picturesque or strange detail, contrasting with those of Europeans, but in the rhythm of their life which has subtle variations of interval and tone, and harmonies which the foreigner despairs ever to seize, and consequently fails often to gain any true or adequate impression of what Japan really means and of her ideal as well as practical contribution to the spiritual inheritance of the world.

Japanese Responses to Indian Appeal

In Vol. II, No. 6 of the *Young East* an appeal to Japanese Buddhists from the Maha Bodhi Society of Calcutta was published. In that appeal the Maha Bodhi Society asked for help to a commendable plan it cherishes of establishing a Buddhist university and a vihara at Sarnath, where Lord Buddha, shortly after his attainment of supreme enlightenment, preached his first sermon to the five ascetics. The *Young East* arranged to have this appeal translated into Japanese and published in the *Chugai Nippo*, a daily paper published in Kyoto in the interest of Buddhism. We are glad to note that it has had instant responses, the following contributions having been made so far:—

Rev. Tenryu Yamane...	Yen 50.00
Mrs. Chika Oda	15.00
Shido Dojin	10.00
Anonymous	10.00
	85.00

We hope to receive more contributions from our readers.